

Wait a minute, is this a date? by JoMo3

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Summary:

Mike Wheeler wasn't afraid of a lot of things; growing up in Hawkins will do that to you. He'd faced down bullies, cliff jumps, Demogorgons, demadogs, military police, and lived to tell about it. But there was one thing that frightened him, that sent chills down his spine: Asking Eleven out on a date.

With some help from his friends, Mike takes Eleven out on their first date.

Wait a minute, is this a date?

Author's Note:

Mileven Week theme "first date"

It was another Sunday night in the Wheeler basement; the party was all gathered around the game table, as Mike regaled them with his Dungeons & Dragons campaign. The six-hour campaign was coming to an end, and everyone was interested in how their characters would finish.

"The Jubilex reaches for you once more, it's slimy hand clawing at your feet, but then...then... *then* ..." He fake collapsed onto the table, causing the party to cheer; Eleven laughed.

Sitting back up, Mike continued, telling the group of their rewards for defeating the monster. With everybody satisfied, they began cleaning up the game. They'd just put the top back on the box when they heard a car honking its horn outside.

"Hopper," El said, frowning slightly.

"I'll walk you up," Mike said. After Eleven had grabbed her things and said goodbye to everyone, Mike took her by the hand and the two disappeared upstairs.

"Guys, this is getting pathetic."

The words were spoken by Dustin, but they may as well have been uttered by the gathered group-Lucas, Max, and Will. He was talking, of course, about their good friends Mike and Eleven.

"Mike's never going to ask her out," Lucas said. "He's too much of a chicken."

"I don't get it, though," Max chimed in. "She *likes* him. I mean...we all saw them kiss at the Snowball, right? So why doesn't he just ask her on a date?"

“Because Mike second guesses everything,” Will answered. “Including El.”

It was the beginning of February, now two months after the Snowball dance. For the most part, things had gone back to normal: there were no interdimensional entities to quell, nobody to unpossess, and no nefarious lab keeping secrets. Their friend Mike, whom they’d been worried about, was no longer the sullen and moody teen he’d been during El’s absence. He now seemed like his old self. Plus, with Eleven’s return, everyone figured the two would be making up for lost time, going on dates, holding hands, sneaking kisses, and pretty much driving their friends crazy with their cuteness.

Not so much.

Granted, El was only allowed to leave the cabin a few times a week after the dance, but his friends couldn’t figure out why Mike hadn’t asked the love of his life out on a date yet.

“He has tried to ask her,” Lucas said. The others gave him a surprised look. Chuckling, Lucas said “Really, he has, he told me. And I kind of walked in on him once attempting to do it. But he gets all...tongue tied and nervous when the word ‘date’ comes up. He thinks a date’s the one chance he has to make things real, or official with El, and that makes him nervous, and he thinks he’s going to screw it up.”

“It’s not like she’s going to say no,” Dustin said. Shaking his head, he repeated his earlier statement, “This is pathetic.”

It was quiet for a minute, until Will said “What if he didn’t know it was a date?”

“What?” asked Max.

“What if...what if he hung out with El, just the two of them, and did, like, date-like stuff, but they didn’t know it was a date. You think that’d work?”

“How would he not know it was a date?”

“We could make him think that we’re *all* going to go out somewhere, but then we,” Will said, pointing at the assembled party members,

“Have to cancel for some reason. Then it’s just him and El.”

Lucas nodded. “That might work. So how do we want to do it?”

“There’s that movie coming out that they both wanted to see,” Max said. “What was it? The Breakfast Bunch?”

“The Breakfast Club,” Dustin corrected.

“Whatever. We can all agree to see it, and then cancel on them at the last minute,” Max said.

“But what if it doesn’t work?”

Will shrugged. “I don’t know. But we’ve gotta try something.” Looking at Dustin, he said “Because you’re right; this is pathetic.”

Over the next few days, when the party was all together, Lucas, Max, Dustin, and Will talked up how much they wanted to see the movie. In truth, it was Eleven who wanted to see it; Mike just wanted to see it to make her happy.

The Saturday after it came out, Mike woke up in a good mood. On the agenda for the day was going to the Hawk to see the movie, then the group had talked about going to Angelo’s, a pizzeria next door to the theater. As he was getting out of bed, though, his walkie was crackling with someone trying to call him.

Picking it up, he asked “Lucas, is that you? Over.”

“Yeah, Mike, it’s * *cough cough* * me. I was calling to say, I can’t * *cough cough* * make it today. I think I’ve got the flu or something.”

Mike frowned. “Okay. Sorry. Get better, then.”

“Thanks. I’ll * *cough* * see you * *cough* * tomorrow. Or Monday!”

Mike put down the walkie, upset his friend couldn’t come. Twenty minutes later, though, as he had a light breakfast with his family, Nancy surprised him by telling him Will had a doctor’s appointment.

“He didn’t tell you?” Nancy asked her brother.

“No. How do *you* know?”

Nancy shrugged. “Jonathan told me last night. Said something about it being a last minute thing.”

Another frown came to Mike’s face. First Lucas, and now Will? Hopefully Dustin would still be able to come.

However, when Mike called Dustin an hour before the movie was supposed to start, his friend seemed confused.

“I thought we were going tomorrow,” Dustin said over the phone.

“Why would we see it tomorrow? You guys specifically said today.”

“Oh. Jeez. I’m sorry, Mike. I promised my mom I’d go to the pet store and help her pick out a new cat scratcher for Tews.”

Mike rolled his eyes. “Alright. Fine. I guess we can go and see it tomorrow.”

“No,” Dustin said, “At least Max is going, right? And El’s had her heart set on seeing it.”

Mike sighed. He didn’t want to disappoint El. “Yeah, you’re right. Fine. See you later.”

Soon after he got off the phone with Dustin, Mike made the bike ride to the Hawk. *So* , he thought, *it’s just me, El, and Max* . He’d tried to call Max just to check to see if she was still coming, but she hadn’t been at home. *Figures* .

After he parked his bike, he waited outside. He thought about going in to buy the tickets, as he’d already planned on paying for he and El. Should he buy Max’s ticket, too?

He was pulled from his thoughts as he heard a familiar rumble. Looking up, he saw Hopper’s truck pull to a stop in front of the theater. Mike watched as Hopper said something to El, who nodded as she tugged off her seatbelt. When she opened the door, Hopper

glanced over at Mike. "I'll be back at seven, Wheeler," he said. "Be right here. Got it?"

"Yes, sir," Mike said.

El waved to her adoptive father, then turned back to Mike as the police chief drove off. As always, Mike was amazed how El could look so pretty in anything she wore; in this case, a puffy pink sweater and jeans.

"Hey, El," he said.

"Hi, Mike."

"The movie starts soon, but we have to wait for Max. Everybody else cancelled on us."

Eleven frowned. "Max isn't coming."

"What?"

"She called me this morning," El explained, "And said she had to go to the city with her family."

"Oh." *Oh* . "So...I guess it's just you and me, then."

"Is that okay?"

"Yeah, yeah, of course it is. Um...are you ready to go in?"

She nodded, and the two made their way to the ticket counter. Mike bought a pair of tickets for the movie, then got a tub of popcorn for the two to share.

They found two seats towards the middle of the theater, and got comfortable as the movie began. El held the popcorn, and Mike reached over for a handful from time to time. Once during the beginning, his hand brushed hers while reaching for popcorn; their eyes met, and they both blushed before El handed him the bowl.

The movie wasn't too bad, Mike had to admit. Granted, he was watching it with El, and knowing that she was more than likely

happy as they watched it together made him...

Wait a minute , he thought to himself. *Is this a date?*

He shook his head in disbelief. *No, because their friends were supposed to be here, and ...*

Realization hit him like a ton of bricks.

They'd staged this, he thought to himself. Lucas, Will, Dustin, and Max; they had *wanted* to get he and El together like this. He thought about all of the times he'd tried to ask El out, only to wuss out at the last second. Mike Wheeler wasn't afraid of a lot of things; growing up in Hawkins will do that to you. He'd faced down bullies, cliff jumps, Demogorgons, demadogs, military police, and lived to tell about it. But there was one thing that frightened him, that sent chills down his spine:

Asking Eleven out on a date.

He wasn't dense; he knew how she felt about him, and he was pretty sure she knew how he felt about her. And to be honest, he didn't think she would say no. But it was the fear of taking her out and screwing it up in a terrible, awful, mouth-breathing way that made him so nervous. But now, here they were, sitting alone in a theater, and things were going well. He both wanted to thank and kill his friends.

He looked over at her, to see if *she* realized what was going on, but all of her attention seemed to be on the screen as she watched Ally Sheedy get a makeover from Molly Ringwald.

Leaning over, he whispered "Do you like it?"

Her head turned, and she nodded, giving him a smile.

Sucking up his courage, his hand that wasn't holding the popcorn took her free hand, and he smiled as she squeezed his hand as they continued to watch the film.

When the movie finished, they made their way next door to Angelo's Pizzeria and found a table.

"Did you like the movie?" El asked once they'd taken a seat.

Nodding, Mike said "I did. I didn't think I was going to, at first. But it was pretty good. What about you, did you like it?"

Eleven nodded enthusiastically. "I really liked Claire, she was pretty."

Not as pretty as you, Mike thought to himself. "I liked the part where they danced on top of the books, that was funny," he told her.

She smiled. "I liked that too." Pausing, she added "Vernon was a mouth-breather."

Mike chuckled. "Yeah, he was."

Their server came, and they ordered a pie to share, along with a couple of Pepsi's. Once their server left, Mike said "I think they would've liked it."

"Who?"

"Lucas, Max, Dustin, and Will. I think they would've liked the movie."

"Me, too."

"It's too bad they couldn't come." He saw Eleven duck her head a bit, a habit she had when she was feeling shy. "What is it?" he asked.

Her cheeks pink, she answered with "I'm happy it was just you and me."

"Oh," he responded, feeling his own cheeks heat up. "Um...me, too."

After they ate, it was almost seven o'clock, so the two made their way outside and sat on a bench as they awaited Hopper's pick up. Despite it being February, it was warm enough that the pair's sweaters kept

them warm.

They sat, with El's head resting on Mike's shoulder, when Mike decided to go for it. "Hey, El?"

"Yes?" she asked without looking up.

Gazing down at the top of her curly head, he smiled. "Um...I wanted to know if, uh...you wanted to go on a date with me sometime?"

Her head turned, as her eyes met his. "Wasn't this like a date?"

Mike felt himself smile. "Kind of, I guess. But...I mean...do you want to go on one where we both *know* we're on a date?"

She nodded, and snuggled closer to him. "Yes," she breathed.

"Good."

They sat quietly for a few minutes, until the familiar rumble of Hopper's truck alerted them that their first date was officially over. They stood, with their hands finding each other's as they did so.

"Um...so I'll see you tomorrow?" he asked.

She nodded, smiling as she did.

Despite knowing that Hopper was more than likely watching them, Mike pulled himself closer as he and El's lips met for a brief, though satisfying kiss.

They pulled away after a moment, all blushes and smiles. El frowned, and let go of his hand. "Bye, Mike."

"Bye, El."

She climbed into Hopper's truck, avoiding his look at catching the two kissing, and sadly waved goodbye to Mike as they drove away. Mike watched them drive off, then went off to find his bike.

Not too bad for a first date , he thought to himself.